

Francis Preston Blair to Andrew Jackson, October 26, 1843, from Correspondence of Andrew Jackson. Edited by John Spencer Bassett.

class=MsoNormal>FRANCIS P. BLAIR TO JACKSON.

Silver Spring, Md. , October 26, 1843.

My Dear General, I received a few days ago your kind letter acknowledging the receipt of mine about Mr. Henshaw. You will have perceived that I have said very little about him since you communicated to me his declaration of adhesion to the Democratic party in the coming conflict. But unless I greatly misunderstand Mr. Tyler and his special friends in and out of the Cabinet, their intention is to play the game of the Bell and White seceders and the Rives and Talmadge conservatives. Their whole body of recreant office-holders and all will not be sufficient to make a show by themselves as a party. Tyler and his principal men are not and never have been heart christians in our cause. Their seeming attachment to us was merely to get rid of the over-mastering spirit of Clay, and Webster and Tyler are at this moment anxious to set up McLean to supplant Clay, or Calhoun to supplant Van Buren and are in fact ripe for any factious course of opposition which may disorganize the two great parties founded on adverse principles and introduce a mongrel breed, ready to embrace any policy to obtain power. That was really the character of "The Tippecanoe and Tyler too" party of 1840. Their whole game was embraced in their watchword of "Tipp and Ty," which might be translated appropriately into "touch and go," "Slip and Ty," or "fast and loose" to use the commonest expression. And you may rely upon it, Tyler and his cabinet are trying it "fast and loose" with us. They will hold fast to all they can purchase of our side with patronage and break loose wherever they can find a purchaser on the other side. They never will go for the genuine candidate of the Democracy, for he will not buy such prostitutes. But I have done my duty in giving my warnings on this point and I will

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leave it to time to determine whether I have erred in my Judgment. It is possible that our apostatizing Democrats may stick merely to make me a false prophet. If they should do so, I will not have lost my labor, although I may lose credit.

I wonder, my dear General, that you should think of returning me the money, sent to refund the expense of Emuckfau's out-fit. You are not content to give me the finest filley in the country, but must be at the charge of her wardrobe, or make provision for the entry of her first born on the field. It is carrying your care of me too far not only to provide for me and my children but for the family of Eclipse and Virginia which you have given me. I think I am pretty sure of a Priam. Emuckfau looks exceedingly round and full and thrifty. Every body admires her and envies me the love of a man whose gifts not only confer fortune but honor. Emuckfau has the finest walk and trot imaginable—both fast, but as soft as a cats. She is as supple too and occasionally leaps like a deer, which she seems. She will never be safe for a lady, but she suits me exactly. I ride her without the least tremor of apprehension and she flops borrowers off her back by her spirit. We rejoice to hear of Mrs. Jacksons convalescence. My wife and Daughter beg to be most affectionately remembered by you and her. Tell your little pet Sammy that I am sure he reads well by this time and when I return to the city at the end of this week, I mean to purchase that Book of five hundred animals to amuse him.

My farming turned out very well this year. I should rather say my wife's. She put in, while I was in the West, a crop of corn that has turned out well. My Wheat and Rye were both good And such a turn out of Sugar beets and carrots for the cows—and potatoes for the people I never saw. We have enjoyed excellent health at our country home this fall, while Gadsbys whole family ¹ and almost all the employees of our city residence have been sickly. The city generally has suffered by bilious fever. Mercer's Causeway has made a Swamp that will make it worse every year.

¹ Referring to a well-known hotel-keeper in Washington.

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May providence mend your health and preserve you among us many years is the prayer of

Yo. mo. af. friend